I was at her houſe the houre ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And ſped you Sir?

Fal. Very ill-fauouredly M. *Broome.*

Ford. How ſo ſir, did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No (M. *Broome*) but the peaking Curnuto her huſband (M. *Broome*) dwelling in a continnall larum of ielouſie, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter, after wee had embraſt, kiſt, proteſted, and (as it were) ſpoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither prouoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and (forſooth) to ſearch his houſe for his wiues Loue.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While *I* was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one *Miſt. Page*, giues intelligence of *Fords* approach: and in her inuention, and *Fords* wiues diſtraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yes, a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts, and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greaſie Napkins, that (Maſter *Broome*) there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell, that euer offended noſtrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall heare (Maſter *Broome*) what *I* haue ſuffered, to bring this woman to euill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* knaues, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Miſtris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datchet lane*; they tooke mee on their ſhoulders met the icalous knaue their Maſter in the doore; who asked them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare leſt the Lunatique Knaue would haue ſearch'd it: but Fate (ordaining hee ſhould bee a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for

a ſearch and away went I for foule Cloathes
marke the ſequell (Maſter *Broome*) I ſuffered the
of three ſeuerall deaths: Firſt, an intollerable
to bee detected with a iealious rotten Bell-we
Next to bee compaſs'd like a good Bilbo in the ci
ference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head.
then to bee ſtopt in like a ſtrong diſtillation with
ing Cloathes, that fretted in their owne
thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of
that am as ſubiect to heate as butter; a man of
nuall diſſolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to
ſuffocation. And in the height of this Bath (wh
was more then halfe ſtew'd in greaſe (like a D
diſh) to bee throwne into the Thames;
coold, glowing-hot, in that ſerge like a H
ſhoo; thinke of that; hiſſing hot: thinke of that (M
Broome.)

Ford. In good ſadneſſe Sir, I am ſorry, that for my
you haue ſufferd all this.
My ſuite then is deſperate: You'll vndertake he
more?

Fal. Maſter *Broome*: I will bee throwne into
as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will leaue her t
her Husband is this morning gone a Birdin
haue receiued from her another ambaſſie of
ting; 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (M
Broome.)

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already Sir,

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſſe mee to my appo
ment; Come to mee at your conuenient leaſure,
you ſhall know how *I* ſpeede: and the conclu
ſhall bee crowned with your enioying her: adiew;
ſhall haue her (Maſter *Broome*) Maſter *Broome*, you
cuckold *Ford*.

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a viſion? Is this a dreat
doe I ſleepe? Maſter *Ford* awake, awake Maſter *Fo*